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THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

Continued from page 4

realized that Henry Eaton was as good as ruined, and the all-powerful hand of Jacob Plutus was against him.

It was just before noon that Henry Eaton walked through Wall Street, without hurry and without uncertainty; yet he was bent upon the strangest and most dramatic coup that the mysterious ways of that institution had ever known. Those who had some inkling of the real situation were amazed. The others smiled cynically over the futility of Eaton's making an appeal to Plutus.

I saw him go, and I tried to measure up the strength of each man; for, beyond all apprehension, the love of the hazard of sport was inborn with me. I knew that it was to be a mighty contest, and above all I could hear myself ask the question, Which wins?

Afterward Jacob Plutus confessed to me that it was the greatest surprise of his life when Eaton walked into his office. Eaton told me that if Plutus was in the least taken aback by his call he did not show it. He was seated in a swivel chair at his desk, and beside him was a window through which a full light fell upon him. He could see every line of his face. It was of stone, hard and expressionless. There is little difference between the national game with its cards and chips and that which is played in Wall Street. Eaton was no less self contained than his adversary. He had the calm of the professional gambler, whose pride it is never to show emotion when he plays for his highest stake. He wasted few words.

"Mr. Plutus," he said, "I have come to ask you to lend me a million dollars and to announce the fact. For reasons of your own you have determined to ruin me. You have me in a place where I am helpless. Within a few hours you can take from me every penny I have and leave me overwhelmed with debts. You have done your work well."

He paused an instant, and then continued. "But if you drag me down, there will be a panic in Wall Street. In the smash will go not only my properties, but those of a dozen others. You will ruin not only me, but a score of your friends as well. Here are the proofs of what I am telling you."

He placed them before the Master of the Street, who examined them quietly. Then, when Plutus had reached the very last one, his countenance changed. An odd, quizzical

cal expression came into his eyes, and a curious, wry smile twisted his mouth. He looked at Eaton with something of admiration in his glance.

"You win!" he said calmly. "I guess you're worthy—" and then he checked himself. "It is the most brilliant counter attack I have ever known."

Jacob Plutus was a big man, and he played and loved a big game. He laughed in a way that showed the bigness of him.

"I'll lend you all the money you need, Eaton," and he held out his hand.

"I always knew you were a big man," Eaton burst forth; "but I didn't dream that you were as big as you are."

For a minute the gaunt face softened and flushed. Then it relapsed into its old set stoniness. "Good day," said Jacob Plutus gruffly.

Eaton walked out of the building with no more show of emotion than had marked his incoming. I was at his office watching for him when he returned. He told me the story calmly, without the least trace of elation. The day was his, and there were those who called it a great victory.

Eaton, always a hero, is so today, as the one man who dared to stand up against Jacob Plutus. But few knew the real reason or the true story. Perhaps the glory was not all on one side. When I thought of what I knew of Jacob Plutus and of what the world knew of him, how he was judged and misjudged, and the absolute faith he had in his own power, it seemed to me that there was victory also for the bigger man. It may yet be a question. I cannot help asking it to myself, Which wins?

HUNGER AND THIRST

WHILE many men of science have contended that the sensation of hunger has its seat in the stomach and that of thirst in the throat, the Italian Valenti holds the view that the seat of both sensations is situated in the gullet. He found that a cocaine injection in the esophagus (the channel from the mouth to the stomach) resulted in immediate suppression of the sensations of both hunger and thirst.

Savages have long known that the chewing of coca leaves renders the gullet insensitive and destroys any desire for food or drink.

THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN

Continued from page 9

Gerald asked him. "Miss Cluley is going to be our bright, particular star."

"I am afraid," Jermyn replied a little hesitatingly, "that this sort of thing is scarcely in my line."

"Have a try, for once," Gerald begged. "You'll find it lots of fun. The Milan at twelve o'clock."

"Thank you," Jermyn said. "May I think it over?"

"You may think it over; but I shall book you," Gerald insisted. "It's going to be one of the sights of the year."

JERMYN rejoined his wife, paid the visit with her that she had suggested, and afterward wandered restlessly back to his club. Lucille was dining out alone that night: the date of his return from Scotland had been uncertain, and she had accepted no invitations for him during the week. He entered the house just as she was leaving. She paused for a moment in the hall, a glittering vision of silver and gray.

"Paris," she remarked. "I had to go over to have it tried on. Such a nuisance—I'm inches thinner. What do you think of it?"

"Wonderful!" Jermyn answered, truthfully enough. "It isn't a dress at all; it's an inspiration."

"How Monsieur Charles would love you!" she sighed. "It is almost his own remark. Personally it makes me feel like a mermaid. I have to feel the weight of my tiara to be quite sure that I am properly dressed."

She drew her cloak around her and passed out with a little nod. Jermyn's servant followed him upstairs.

"You will change now, Sir," he asked, "or will you dine first?"

"I will change now," Jermyn decided. "A smoking jacket will do. I shall spend the evening at home."

He dined in the library, trifled with some new books, glanced through the reviews and the evening paper, wrote a couple of letters. Every now and then he found himself looking at the clock. He was conscious of an acute feeling of restlessness. There was

something in his blood that he could not analyze,—a vague, unfamiliar sensation which he failed altogether to trace to its foundation. He thought continually of Sybil. There was something new between them, some quality in her tone when she spoke to him, something, even, in the frank way she laughed up into his face, that baffled him. He thought of their last parting, of the letters he had written her. There was nothing that could possibly be misunderstood. Yet something had happened.

And all the time there was a background to his thoughts. There was Lucille! The book he had been reading slipped from his fingers as he lounged in the chair, with his eyes fixed upon the smoldering fire. He went over his conversation with Sir James. One by one those sentences came back to his mind, so ponderously delivered, so weighty, so charged with an insistent, minatory meaning. Lucille's face as he had seen her asleep the previous evening haunted him. Somewhere in one of the smaller galleries of Florence he had seen a picture of an Italian woman, a victim of the Inquisition, lying in her cell, fresh from the torture chamber, dreaming of the last night of terror. The memory came back to him. There was the same expression as he had seen in the curve of Lucille's lips,—a woman in hell! He moved restlessly in his place and, springing up, began to walk up and down the room. It was absurd, he told himself. His relations with these two women had been carefully thought out, with due regard to all the circumstances, with due regard to everything he owed them. Lucille was paying the price of her own wickedness and deceit. Nevertheless the restlessness grew. He kept glancing at the clock. At half-past eleven he could bear it no longer. He rang the bell.

"Parkes," he ordered, "put out my dress clothes at once. I am going to a dance."

JUST before midnight he was in the entrance hall of the Milan. He arrived there as Gerald Lakenham drove up with Sybil by his side. Again Jermyn felt a queer

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